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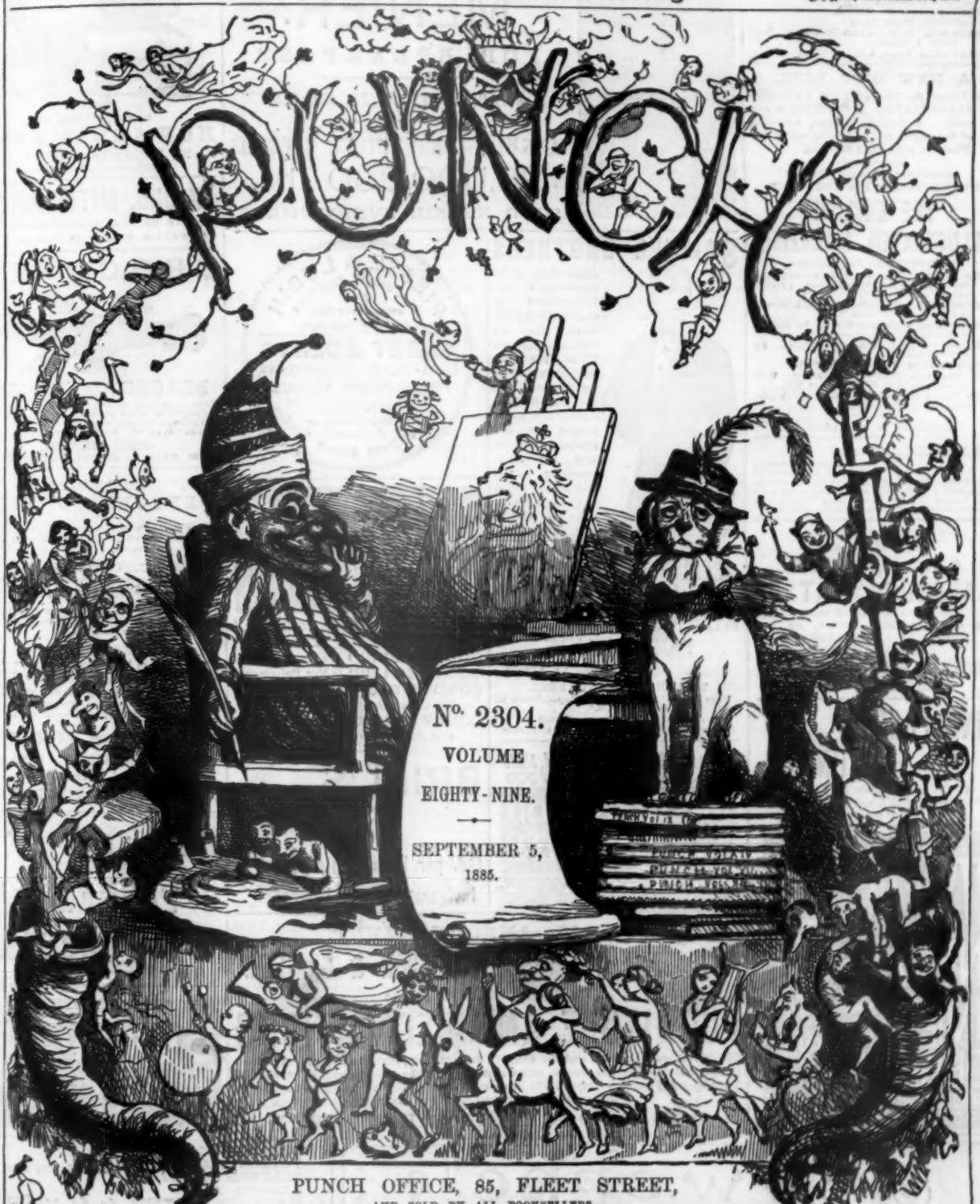

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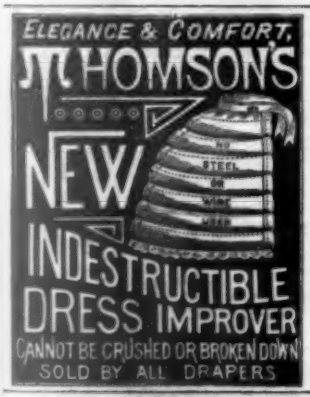

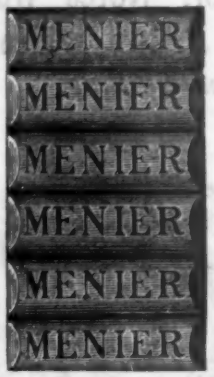

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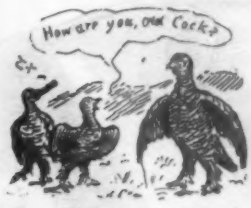
Ten-ants of a Moor.



Young Birds are very forward.

Feathered Game.

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Bagging a White Hare.

Knocking over a Blackcock.

A Hot *Corner*.

Mixed Bags.

THE TOURIST IN TOWN.

THE MYSTERIOUS PENINSULA IN THE ST. JAMES'S PARK.

The History of its Past.—From my childhood I had watched this spot with awe. In maturer years I had heard that it was the home of all sorts of wild animals—the head-quarters of the English Acclimatisation Society. A friend of mine had told me (he was a member of the Council, or something) that the presents to the distinguished Association to which he had the honour to belong had been distinguished down and down until, at last, the whole of the "exhibits" in the gardens consisted of three Storks and an Elk. It was at this point that new blood, so to speak, was poured into the body by the Rajah of Bongorpoor (I cannot vouch for the exact name) suddenly presenting the Institution with a full-grown man-eating tiger. It was at this point that my friend (he was a dashing Major of Yeomanry Cavalry) thought it expedient to resign. So I lost the thread of the peninsular story. I knew not what became of the Acclimatisation Society, or the Rajah of Bongorpoor, or last, but not least, of the full-grown man-eating tiger.

Geography of the Place.—It was surrounded by water, save where a narrow isthmus of lawn joined it to the mainland. I tried to enter by the gates. They were locked and padlocked. I could see in the distance a pretty cottage covered with the most luxuriant creepers, but this dwelling was in its turn protected by rails and chained gates. Evidently there was no approaching it by land. Then I looked round and saw how well it was defended. On the south was the Horse Guards, with its two quaint pieces of ordnance and garrison of Cavalry and Foot. On the west, in support, I noticed Wellington Barracks. As I passed that Home of the Soldier I had seen a gallant band of Volunteer Commanders going through a mimic battle, with the assistance of about two dozen and a half of Second Coldstream Guardsmen. I had also watched a very energetic Captain of the Reserve of Officers doing absolutely marvels in the shape of company drill with the aid of two sergeants, four privates, three drummers, and a pioneer. Were the peninsula in danger, the assistance of this powerful force of "military" could be secured at a moment's notice. It was hopeless to attempt to force an entrance from the land; so I abandoned the idea with a heart full of bitterness!

The Chimney and its Uses.—Then I tried to discover the character of the place from afar off. The shrubbery was so thick that I could see nothing—*save a high factory chimney!* To what did that chimney belong? I had seen a similar chimney at the Woking Cemetery, and the chimney *there* was attached to a Crematorium! Was the chimney in the Peninsula in the St. James's Park used for a similar purpose? I thought of the full-sized man-eating tiger, and wondered if any park-keepers had been sacrificed. The remains of the tiger's meals could not be buried without infringing a statute dealing with London Churchyards, so perhaps the Crematorium had been utilised to cheat of his fees that useful functionary, the Coroner.

Traces of the Acclimatised Animals.—Leaving the terribly suggestive chimney for the moment, I carefully examined the lawn in front of the peninsula. To my relief I found that the Storks had escaped. There were three of them looking very white and scared, but still alive. They seemed to have had some terrible experience that had turned their feathers from coal to snow in a single night. And it appeared to me (it might have been only the effect of my heated imagination) that they could if they wished "a tale unfold" of the fate of the luckless Elk. What had become of *that* animal? Had it fallen a victim to the man-eater?

On the Trace of the Tiger.—I seated myself on a bench beside a little boy who was reading a book. Feeling rather like Mr. HENRY IRVING in the *Dream of Eugene Aram*, I asked him a question.

"Have you heard,"—I said, pleasantly, for I wished to conciliate the lad,—"have you heard that that enclosure contains a tiger?"

He got up in terror, looked at me with horror, and fled. No doubt he questioned my sanity, and imagined I was ripe for a padded room in the "Sanatorium" at Virginia Water, and the business-like bounty of the late Professor HOLLOWAY, of happy Pill and Ointment memory. I could not tell him I was merely an explorer attempting to clear up a very painful mystery.

An Expedition on the Lake.—I determined upon reaching the peninsula by water. I noticed a deserted boat-house absolutely covered with heavy foliage. In a few minutes I was paddling a canoe and moving to the south. Some vigorous strokes, and, leaving the many 'ARRYS and 'ARRIETS disporting themselves on the water behind me, I prepared to shoot the Suspension Bridge. As usual, that scientific structure was lined with schoolboys ready to scoff and pelt those who passed beneath it. I set my teeth, ducked my head,—and was clear! A few pebbles fell plashing into the lake near me as I passed, but soon I was within measurable distance of the land of my search. Again I vigorously propelled my frail craft until, with a scrunch, it was brought to a sudden stop by an obstruction in the water. *The peninsula was protected by a chain!*

Possible Solution of the Mystery.—As I was leaving it suddenly occurred to me that this place might be "preserved" for the Royal Ranger's shooting. Every Park has its Royal Ranger, and no doubt St. James's is no exception. Who was the Royal Ranger who would exult in "big game." Immediately I called to mind a most Exalted Personage who would be as destructive as a torpedo at a dozen yards with a pistol. Why should not this Exalted Personage have used the peninsula for dangerous sport? Armed with an air-gun and dressed in chain-armour, such a person would have been irresistible. I put to myself a couple of questions, having the same answer, which answer, it will be seen, pointed directly to a solution of the mystery.

1. Who was the bravest of the brave, a General in the British Army, and one ever ready to do a deed of daring?

2. Who was the only man in England likely to engage a tiger in combat single-handed?

Those were the Questions, and the Answer (as everyone will have guessed)—H.R.H. Prince CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein! Could it be that the most picturesque part of the Gardens dedicated to St. James was closed to the Public to afford a veteran son of HER MAJESTY a happy hunting-ground? Or to fall from the Sublime to the Ridiculous, the Poetical to the Probable, was the Mysterious Peninsula "railed off," to give pleasant quarters to a meritorious park-keeper?

Rhyme by a Radical Anti-Woman's Rightist.

GIVE Spinsters a Vote? How the Tories will smile!
A Miss—we are told—is as good as a mile;
But at least, as a focus of Tory intrigue,
A Miss is as good as a (Primrose) League!

THE NEW ELYSIUM.

LAND of Light and Love and Lusciousness!"

So said my Cicerone, sleekly smirking.
"Is it not heavenly?" I replied, "Oh—yes!
But what *is* that strange smell in all things lurking?"
"Pooh! fancy," he retorted. "Pray remark
How healthy people look. What airs, what attitudes!
You're here as safe as NOAH in his Ark.
Hygeia is not 'in it' with *these* latitudes.
There is not any ailment you can start,
Or any misery you choose to mention,—
Too little money, too much gooseberry tart,—
But here may find its cure, if not prevention.
Here no one needs be poor unless he wills,
And no one needs be sick unless he wishes;
We have the mastery of all human ills,
Born of short commons or of dainty dishes."
I said, "It *must* be an amazing place,
A land all men should seek with prompt velocity,
If from its precincts you contrive to chase
The ghouls Ill-Health and Impecuniosity!"
But, over all there hung a smell of paste,
Which struck me as a sort of nasal riddle;
And something whispered me—in diction chaste—
"It's all a diddle!"

There everybody rushed at you with cash,
If it should hap that you had need to borrow,
And if involved by speculation rash;
In any species of financial sorrow,
You only had to wave a postage-stamp
As signal of distress, as an old party,
May wave the bulky and 'Bus-hailing Gamp,
And philanthropic folk, with zeal most hearty,
Rushed to your rescue in a perfect crowd,
And placed unbounded wealth at your disposal.
"Ah! here," my Guide exclaimed—his voice was loud—
"Men are all friends who upon earth are foes all,
Here Communism of the truest kind,
The confidence of man in man as brother,
(Upon his simple note of hand) you'll find,
Which shows how much they *must* love one another!"
Yet over all there hung that smell of paste
Which struck me as a sort of nasal riddle;
And still that whisper came—in diction chaste—
"It's all a diddle!"

There every Drama was a "huge success,"
A "mighty masterpiece" was each new Novel;
The which to laud critics in crowds would press,
And hyperbolically gush and grovel.
The Actors all were startlers, and the Actresses
A galaxy of Venuses, whose duty
Was well fulfilled, as public benefactresses,
By free display of genius and bare beauty.

No Singer trod the boards but had a voice
Of wondrous sweetness and astounding compass,
Over which the Public nightly would rejoice,
And penmen morn by morn raise a great rumpus.
The Poets there, whilst sweet as nightingales,
Were every bit as plentiful as sparrows.
"Here," said my Guide, "no Writer ever fails,
We're proof against ill Fortune's slings and arrows.
Success in everything attends our lives,
Immense, unparalleled, electrifying!
But there—'tis quite beyond *all* adjectives!"
"Indeed!" said I, "that's vastly gratifying!"—
Yet over all there hung that smell of paste,
Which struck me as a sort of nasal riddle;
And *still* that whisper came—in diction chaste—
"It's all a diddle!"

There houses were all high and rents all low;
Garments absurdly cheap and ever-durable;
There you could make a fortune at a blow;
There early baldness and bow-legs were curable;
There ultimate perfection was attained
In everything, from bicycles to braces;
There cheapest aid might readily be gained
To mend at once your fortunes or your faces.
There you could drink cheap wines and not be ill,
There you could smoke cheap "weeds" that were not nasty.
And *yet* that land was permeated still
By that strange smell, stale, penetrating, pasty.
"What *is* this ultra-roseate realm," I cried,
"Of cheap perfection in Life, Love, Art, Liquor?
Why *is* it redolent on every side
Of subtle memories of—the Bill-sticker?
What *does* yon pickle-gulping ghoul imply?
What by yon picture of a monster shirt is meant?"
"Ha!!" shrieked my Guide, and rolled a frenzied eye,
"This is the new Elysium—of Advertisement!"
And over all there hung that smell of paste,
No longer to my nose a nasal riddle;
And still that whisper came—in diction chaste—
"It's all a diddle!"

A WHOLESOME CORRECTIVE.

"Love me, love my dog," is an injunction very difficult to obey when the master happens to be a selfish "man," and the dog a dangerous "servant." Constable John Nicholson, who had his leg bitten in two places by a savage bull-terrier, belonging to an Ivy-lane publican, naturally expected sympathy, and even compensation from the dog's owner. He got, instead, heartless derision. It is too often the case that the possessors of dogs consider themselves entitled to allow them to become a public nuisance and danger, and even rudely, and sometimes violently, resent the mildest remonstrance on the part of the ugly-tempered "pet's" victims. This mischievous and insolent assumption demands summary and severe disproof.

In this particular case *Mr. Punch* is pleased to see Sir William Charley did his share towards such disproof by calling on the bumptious owner of the biting brute to pay the certainly not excessive damages of twenty-five pounds. In street parlance, this probably made the jocular Bung to "laugh on the other side of his mouth." It is to be hoped this will prove a warning to the chuckling churls who too often consider it "first-rate fun" to see their ferocious pets annoy or injure other people. Dogs who delight to bark and bite may perhaps be excused on the old ground that "it is their nature to." But that plea cannot be admitted in extenuation of the offence of their sometimes at least equally brutal owners.

To what Bass Uses!

Sir Arthur Bass is said to consider that the best thing for the country is a weak Conservative Government. Another authority has assured us that "to be weak is to be miserable." A state of things in which the Conservative Cats on the Treasury Benches should be continually occupied in pulling chestnuts for the Liberal Monkeys in Opposition, may seem a sort of ideal Utopia to Sir Arthur Bass. To *Mr. Punch*, and other patriots not party-ridden into intellectual and moral palsy, it must appear a very contemptible and mischievous Fool's Paradise.

KEEPING ON THE SAFE SIDE.

"And so it's a Sore Throat ye've got, Madam? And have ye ever had one before?" "Oh yes, often!"

"And what did ye do for it, now?"

"Oh, sometimes one thing, and sometimes another."

"And did ye get rid of it that way?" "Oh yes!"

"Then I'd just advise ye to do what ye've always done, and maybe ye'll get rid of it again!"

A SINGULAR SHOT.

A Reminiscence of the First of September.

"I don't hanker much after gunning, but still I'll go out on the First,
If you'll warrant the weapon I carry shan't go off alone, and not burst.
A sixteen-bore gun, or a twelve, do you say? What on earth do you mean?
As the former sounds bigger than twelve, why, my lad, you shall give me sixteen."

So he spoke, in the cheerfullest style; and I thought, "He can't shoot, but no odds;"
But I wasn't prepared for the dangerous way that he showed me his wads!
I hate your cantankerous man, who goes for a day's sport and quarrels;
But, hang it, all day, Sir, I seemed to be looking down both of his barrels!

Of the highest repute as a friend, he was hardly a champion shot,
For he always contrived to discharge his gun where the partridge was not:
It is due to that sportsman to say, for himself he had no craven fears,
But I can't state I cared for the manner his shot whistled close to our ears.

It doesn't increase your respect for a man when you find that he shoots
Either just half an inch from your nose-end, or else in the earth round your boots;
And his gun had a trick which is common among inexperienced men,
Of going off quite by itself in the friendliest way, now and then.

He made a good bag, though, you bet, though his shooting was wayward and wild;
For he blew off the keeper's coat-tails and he peppered a mother and child.
Two dogs and three beaters he slew, which was rather too bad, you'll agree,
And he ended by sending an ounce of his chilled No. 6 into me!

That ended the day, for he seemed rather hurt at his singular luck,
And he helped me to pick out the shots from the part where his pellets had struck.
And next time I'll go out by myself, as I've made my poor friend understand,
Though he is not a dangerous man when he hasn't a gun in his hand!

READINGS FOR THE RECESS.

A MURMUR FROM ST. STEPHEN'S.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I APPEAL to you as representing not only civilisation in its best and widest sense, but also the British Public. It is with the British Public that I am immediately concerned, although civilisation in its best and widest sense is indirectly affected. If you look at my card, Sir, you will notice that I am a Member of Parliament—yes, Sir, I am a Member of Parliament—with a grievance.

Declamation.

I rise to take up my pen, Mr. SPEAKER (I beg pardon, I should say *Mr. Punch*, but one gets so accustomed to the terms of the House), to make a personal explanation. Sir, as a rule, I am what may be called a "Silent Member," although in the cause of justice I must admit that my "Hear! hear!" has been described (by occupants of the Ladies' Gallery I have subsequently entertained on the Terrace) as "very nice and quite audible." In the same sacred cause I must add that I have reason for belief that my shout of "Order! order!" is not without its terrors. Still, for purposes of description, I may label myself "A Silent Member." And I wished to be a Silent Member, Mr. SPEAKER,—I mean, Sir,—until the time arrived for electrifying the House by my great speech on the Free Address Clause of the Parcels Post Amendment Bill. Sir, just at the end of the session my opportunity arose, and I was equal to it.

The Parcels Post Amendment Bill was fixed for a Tuesday—seven days earlier I was down at the Constituency it is my pride and honour to represent, the Borough of Waterspout-on-the-Brain. I sent for the Editor of the local paper wedded to my interests.

"I have to apologise, Sir," he said, on his arrival at my hotel, "for being a little late, but the fact is, I was arranging with an advertiser for a page in the *Impartial*. Advertisers nowadays are so exacting, and the proprietor of the Reversible Tooth-brush said he wouldn't go into the journal unless we gave him a leading article on the merits of his invention, and the back page. The latter condition was impossible (as the commanding position has been hypothecated to the Pork Pie Insurance Company Limited for fifteen consecutive insertions), but of course we accommodated him with the leader. He proposed to write it himself, but that, I pointed out, was impracticable, as the article (for which a trifle was expected) was a perquisite of the Reporter."

Consultation.

"Quite so, but this is a matter of far greater importance than Reversible Tooth-brushes." And then I explained how I was on the eve of making my great speech, and wanted it specially reported in the *Waterspout-on-the-Brain Impartial*.

"Couldn't you give us a slip of it before, Sir?" asked the Editor. "If you did, you might correct it yourself, and put in the 'laughters.' We generally have a difficulty with the 'laughters'—we are rather devoid of humour at the office, and never give satisfaction when we undertake to find places for their proper insertion."

I agreed to send a copy of the coming oration, but that the speech might have, so to speak, "local colour," bargained that the Reporter should visit Westminster, and on its delivery be present in the Gallery. By special arrangement with a gentleman having the *entrée* to the Press quarters, I had secured, for this occasion only, the admission of a personal representative. Having settled these preliminaries, I set to work to prepare my oration. I had already a vast amount of materials—for years I had read nothing that had not assisted me more or less in my task. Now it was an appropriate sentence in a leading article, now a suggestive idea in a business circular, now a clever notion in a railway time-table. The "stock" of my speech I found in the utterances of BURKE, GRATTAN, PITT, and BEACONSFIELD, with here and there a word or two from PALMERSTON. It was certainly a very fine and thoughtful harangue, although I am bound to say that when I tried a portion of it on my wife, she seemed to consider it rather over the heads of the common herd; at least, I imagine that must have been her opinion, as she told me "it might be very clever, only to her it seemed simply gibberish."

Animation.

The eventful evening came. I was early in the House to secure a good place. Abandoning my usual position on the extreme back benches, I boldly left my hat on a coign of vantage. When I returned from the library (where I had been to make a last reference), with my arms full of books and authorities, I created quite a sensation. Even the SPEAKER (who was on the point of vacating the chair) was startled, and the Serjeant-at-Arms unconsciously laid his hand upon the hilt of his sword. I looked up anxiously to the Gallery, and was relieved to find that my exertions had been crowned with success, and that the Representative of the *Waterspout-on-the-Brain Impartial* was in his place, or rather somebody else's. The Minister in charge of the Bill performed his duty in a perfunctory manner. At length the moment arrived for me to move my amendment to the clause which was to hand down my name to posterity as the patriot who had gained to the Parcels of the People absolutely free addresses. My reception was complimentary but not altogether gratifying. The instant I rose to my feet there was a stampede. No doubt it was generally felt by the foes to my proposal that my eloquence would be too much for them, and they fled that they might not be convinced against their will. I had, so to speak, the whole House to myself and the Reporters. I congratulated myself on one fact—there was no one present to count me out. I think I did myself justice. I spoke for three-quarters of an hour, now almost weeping in my pathos, now my face wreathed with smiles as I delivered the lighter part of my harangue. It was certainly a wonderful performance, and when I left the House I felt that I had done my duty and made my reputation. My speech, although nominally addressed to my colleagues, was, through the medium of the Press, to become the property of the entire English-speaking race—it would travel to the four corners of the earth, and be as much respected by the turbaned native potentate of Southern Asia as by the

Affectation.

scalp-hunting, tomahawking, North American Indian lying in wait on the Canadian Borders.

On the morrow the *Waterspout-on-the-Brain Impartial* contained a splendid description of my speech. It occupied a good four columns

Admiration.

of space, and was all that I could have desired. The Minister in charge of the Parcels Post Amendment Bill sank into insignificance beside me. I was the hero of the hour, the NAPOLEON of the debate. I wish you could print it, but no Sir, if you did, it would occupy your whole number.

Very much pleased at the report of my speech in the local journal, I hurriedly finished my toilette and descended to the dining-room where I knew the London daily paper was waiting for me. I took up the substantial looking sheets and eagerly glanced at the Parliamentary Reports. I soon discovered the Parcels Post Amendment Bill. Yes, there it was, a lengthy transcript of the Minister's remarks, and then would come my contribution to the debate. What! For a moment I could not believe my eyes! Even now my emotion, my indignation cannot be expressed by words! Let the naked fact speak for itself! I subjoin

The Report of my Speech in the "Times."

"An Hon. Member moved an amendment, making addresses free, but found no seconder."

This happened months ago! I feel as strongly now as then! I leave myself in your hands! Justice, Sir! Justice!

(Signed) SHERIDAN CICERO POTTS, M.P.

EASTEND-ON-MUD—"ÉDITION DE LUXE."

THIS favourite (Thames) watering-place has recently been greatly enlarged and improved. The Local Board (or some other august body) have constructed an entrance building to the pier, which, if not exactly "a thing of beauty," will very likely prove "a joy for ever." It is a most "imposing edifice," inasmuch as it looks like a scientific institution, when in reality it appears to be a collection of waiting-rooms. It is not very clear why this noble building was ever erected. It seems too large for a residence for the pier penny-takers, and can scarcely be utilised as stables for the two Mazeppa-like steeds that belong to the tram-car. However, there it is, and (weather permitting) no doubt there it will remain. It is a most agreeable addition to the sights of the place, being infinitely grander than the town-pump.

But the more marked improvements are to be found in that part of the pleasant place called Deepseaville. Here new houses have risen by the dozen. Besides these a grand Yachting Club (which seems to be all balconies and windows) has sprung up, as if by magic, out of what appears to have been a neglected kitchen-garden. Beneath this institution (which occupies high ground) is a magnificent marine edition of Rotten Row or the Thames Embankment. Some public-spirited person or persons has or have constructed a noble promenade extending for a distance twice as long as the pier itself. This awe-inspiring avenue is planted with trees and notice-boards. The latter warn the passer-by of the fate that assuredly awaits him who dares to tamper with the adjacent winkles.

Some two years ago, when this favourite (Thames) watering-place was mentioned in these columns, certain Residents of Southend-on-Sea who appeared to think *their* favourite (Thames) watering-place was identical with Eastend-on-Mud, complained loudly of the attack made upon their hearths and homes. *Mr. Punch* makes hats—he does not fit them. But if Southend-on-Sea is at all like Eastend-on-Mud, why then, in all sober seriousness, Southend-on-Sea must be a very healthy, pleasant spot. The air at Eastend is simply delightful—pure and fragrant as a rose in June or a native oyster in September. The place is cheery and respectable. The grounds beside the Yachting Club (which are open to the public on payment of various perplexing sums) might, perhaps, be better kept. With a fountain, a grotto, the Guards' Band, and the Electric Light, the gardens would be twice as attractive. Above all and before all, Eastend-on-Mud requires a first-class hotel of the calibre of the Grand or Langham. Were such an institution opened, it would not fail to be a great success. So flourish, favourite (Thames) watering-place! May Eastend prosper, in spite of the mud for which it has been famed, for centuries!

TENDER, IF TRUE.

THE excitement aroused through the length and breadth of the Spanish Peninsula by the reported annexation by Germany of the Caroline Islands, has produced one obvious result. If it has not caused Prince BISMARCK to waver, it has certainly made him handle this latest development of his Colonial policy with a little more care and consideration than he showed the late Government of this country under not altogether dissimilar circumstances. The blind fury of the insulted Spaniard, not to be appeased with reference to White Books, or indeed to any books whatever, appears to have been a sort of surprise to the German Chancellor; and, as the subjoined extract from the close of a recent telegraphic correspondence will show, one that has not been without its effect even on the constitution of the Man of Blood and Iron:—

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

Bismarck, Berlin, to Canovas del Castillo, Madrid.

Your last note to hand. Also extracts from School Geography, describing Protectorate of Carolines, and extracts from French radical press, endorsing national braggadocio. Don't affect me in the least. If you are up a Ministerial tree, *that's* not my business. Afraid you must manage to get down as best you can. *Do we mean to stick to the islands?* Yes, *we do.*

II.

Canovas del Castillo, Madrid, to Bismarck, Berlin.

Your despatch, just received, has profoundly grieved and surprised me. Think of the proud Spanish Nation, with the traditions of centuries inspiring them, and reconsider favourably the evidence I have adduced to you. Believe me, the spirit of FERDINAND and ISABELLA is a factor with which I have to reckon. I have no choice but to put the arsenals into defensive condition, and give instructions to the Admiral on the Station. Spain expects it of me. I may be up a tree, but I am a Spaniard, and I cannot get down. Be generous. Be just. Obviate a catastrophe by at least a show of hesitation.

III.

Bismarck, Berlin, to Canovas del Castillo, Madrid.

Well, you are cool, at any rate. Spanish pride, indeed! Talk to me of that when you have settled about Gibraltar. You've no case, and no friends. *Ergo*, you must go to the wall. However, I've no wish to force you there just at this present moment. Send in your statement in full, giving dates. Perhaps we mayn't claim, after all. How would the judgment of a mutual friend suit you? Italy? Monaco? Anybody? As to the "spirit of FERDINAND and ISABELLA," *that is bosh.*

IV.

Canovas del Castillo, Madrid, to Bismarck, Berlin.

My Spanish heart goes out towards you in gratitude. That you should not press your claim is magnanimous. A mutual friend means arbitration. This would be hazardous. Reflect. The proud Spanish Nation confident of the justice of its claims, and deeply sensible of the duty imposed upon it by a true regard for its honour, would hesitate to submit the question of its rights to the judgment of any Power whatever. This is our Spanish way of dealing with events. It is national, and I trust respectable.

V.

Bismarck, Berlin, to Canovas del Castillo, Madrid.

Fiddlestick! However, you shall have your way. We are not going to blow you out of the water over a beggarly piece of business like this. Make your mind easy, and remember me to the *Uhlan King.*

WATER BOBBIES.—Wanted, in the Thames, Policemen to make House-Boats, moored an unreasonable time opposite to Riparian Owners' Lawns, "move on."

A HAPPY ENTANGLEMENT.

WHETHER IT WAS BY ACCIDENT OR DESIGN, NOBODY CAN TELL, BUT HER LINES GOT INEXTRICABLY MIXED WITH HIS, WHILE ANGLING IN A HIGHLAND STREAM—AND NOW THEY ARE ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED!

THE IRISH HORSE AND ITS MASTER (?)

MOUNTED and mastered, that hot mettled steed
That hath so many would-be riders thrown?
That restive jibbing nag of fiery breed,
Though something high of bone?

So fondly thinks the rider. Having sprung
Safe to the seat that most have found unsafe,
Why should he dream of being foiled and flung?
What though the creature chafe?

Who has not seen some cool churl dominate,
By dogged pluck where generous mettle failed?
Not known impassive hardness subjugate,
Where ardour naught availed?

Bridled and bitted, brave Bucephalus,
By such an Alexander? Is it so?
Pegasus broken to a penny 'Bus.
Would scarcely fall so low.

Sinister rider, what behind *him* sits?
A worse than *Atra Cura!* Boding, black,
A clinging curse in shadowy phantom flits
Close at this horseman's back.

Unseen and unsuspected, save by those
Who have the rare sagacity to see
Corrupting friends are deadliest of foes.
Enslaved by such as *he?*

Ruled like some common Cocktail with a rein
Of rotten cord? Blinkered like some poor hack,
Rushing on death in the red lists of Spain,
Cold Cunning on her back?

Wait! Whither will his reckless guidance lead,
If once the horse is to his hand subdued?
Wait! Is he quite so sure that mettled steed
Is all of yielding mood?

Wait! Mounted is not mastered. There is sign
In that ill-handled horse of gall and fret,
And that rash rider, sinister, malign,
Will come a cropper yet.

OUR ODD WHIMBLEDON.

NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.—"Interiors and Exteriors, No. 16." Out of a very large number of shots, no one was right throughout the whole list of the thirty-nine personages represented in that "Pictorial Key." The promised prize has been awarded to a competitor at Hull, who made thirty-two correct guesses. Nearly everybody went wrong over No. 9, which the Artist intended for Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR. Several people were positive that No. 17 must be either Lord TENNYSON or Mr. JESSE COLLINGS. As a matter of fact it was Mr. LABOUCHERE. Most of the M.P.'s who tried their hands at it were soon disqualified, and one whose surname begins with "G," its middle letter being "S," and its final letter "E," was quite the wrongest of all! N.B.—The "shots" were examined on the 25th of August.

Bismarck's Song.

OH, I'm leading all Europe a lively dance!
Now it is England, and now it is France,
And now it is Spain. But I'm first in the field.
A fig for their anger! They grumble—and yield.
Hocus-pocus, Fi! Fo! Fum!
Political honesty 's all a big hum.
At Spain I just twiddle my finger and thumb.
I'm King of the Caroline Islands!

DIVISION OF LABOUR.

THE new political triad appears to be "Standing, Sitting, and —*Lying.*" The Candidates are to do the "Standing," the Members the "Sitting," and the "Lying"—according to our new casuistical political Mentors—is to be left to the Voters! Happy Voters!

MR. PUNCH. "LEAVE HIM ALONE, JOHN; HE'S SAFE TO COME A CROPPER!"

THE IRISH HORSE AND HIS MASTER (?)

MR. PUNCH. "LEAVE HIM ALONE, JOHN; HE 'S SAFE TO COME A CROPPER!"

"THE GLORIOUS FIRST."

Young Newstyle (justly indignant, to Squire Oldacres). "THERE!—'KNEW HOW IT WOULD BE WHEN YOU *WOULD* BRING OUT THOSE BEASTLY DOGS. *ALWAYS IN THE WAY, HANG 'EM!*"

THE SMELLS OF LEA.

AIR—"*The Maids of Lea.*"

THERE were Three bad Smells of Lea,
As vile as vile could be,
And they said, as they roved on the river's foul bank,
"Were ever three odours so fœtid and rank?"
The Three bad Smells of Lea.

But anon there came on the wings of the wind
Seven evil Smells of an even worse kind,
Which arose from a flood of vile sewage stuff,
And everyone said, "This is simply enough
To sicken and poison and coffin us all!"
And they sickened and died, did the big and the small.
"Shall we go?" cried the Smells. "Ah! no, not we!
We will stay where we are," said the Smells of Lea.

There are Ten bad Smells of Lea,
They are strong as strong can be,
And if any one chance ('tis a chance remote)
To go to the Lea for to angle or boat,
He will nip his nose, and will turn and flee,
As the foul gas-bubbles afloat he 'll see.
For the Seven are worse than the old old Three,
And they all are as killing as killing can be.
Anyone would be hailed with a grateful glee
If he 'd only take them away from the Lea.

There are Ten bad Smells of Lea,
They are vile as vile can be;
And there they are, and there they 'll be,
Unless to the matter the Public see,
Those Ten bad Smells of Lea.

LULLABY BABIES.—Potsdam, said the Emperor of GERMANY, on the occasion of unveiling the statue of FREDERICK WILLIAM THE FIRST, is justly called the cradle of the Prussian Army. The Prussian Cavalry, as of course the venerable Monarch meant to say, were rocke[d] in that cradle as well as the Prussian Infantry.

GOING TO THE DOGS.

Edith (Mrs. HIGGINBOTHAM, *to Ellen*, Mrs. HUGGINS, *a few years her junior, met on the pier of a fashionable watering-place*). Oh, dear, how do you do? I am so glad to have met you! How are all friends? Have you seen the DOVEYS lately? How are ADA and her husband getting on?

Ellen. Very so-so, I am afraid. They quarrel dreadfully, I hear, and am told he treats her no better than a dog.

Edith (sighing). Ah! No better? I only wish VALENTINE would treat me as well as he does his dog.

Ellen. What can you mean, dear? I always thought he treated you with the fondest affection, and denied you nothing.

Edith. Oh, it isn't that he denies me anything except when he disputes what I say. But he is fonder to his dog than he is to me—a great deal.

Ellen. How so?

Edith. He not only allows his dog almost every indulgence, but that without ever trying to convince the dog he would be better without it. But as for me, if he thinks I should, he will persist in trying to point that out. Here we are—he has gone up to Town to-day—here, all because I wished it, and quite contrary to his own inclination; but then he would argue that, for change of air and scene, we might much better have gone to Rochampton, and that we should go to the sea-side only to follow the fashion, from what he called, I think, a gregarious impulse. He doesn't talk to his dog like that, you know.

Ellen (laughing). Well, no, I should suppose not.

Edith. I mean he never talks to the dog in that tone.

Ellen. What, is he cross to you, then? Does he say unkind things?

Edith. He is never what you would call cross. But he does say things that I consider unkind. I call it unkind to try and convince me against my will. I should like him, instead, to coax me as he coaxes his dog. He pats it on the nose, and smooths it down the back, and says, "Poor fellow!" and "Good dog!" and "*Sikey!*"

Ellen. Psyche—what, Psyche the name of his dog?

Edith. No, not P. S., but S. *Sikey.* He has named him after *Bill Sikes*, in *Oliver Twist*. It's a nasty Bull-dog, but very clever. He makes it do all manner of things—go upstairs, and bring down his slippers, stand on his hind-legs and beg, and perform thought-reading.

Ellen. Thought-reading, dear! Why, how possibly?

Edith. Going and fetching something he has hidden, without letting him see. Oh yes! and a great many other tricks, because he has made the dog mind him, and so he might me by going the same way to. Then he lets the dog enjoy himself, eat and drink and sleep, without ever troubling him about money and business matters, so as to make him uneasy; and he never beats him.

Ellen. Why surely, dear, he never beats you?

Edith. No, not with his hands. But, as I told you, when there are things I don't want to know, or to hear, he tries to beat them into my head, and it hurts me so, I would as soon be beaten with a stick—and I call that cruel.

Ellen. Well, well. He is bad enough, I daresay. But some men are worse. My husband not only tries to argue me down, and that when he is wrong, but he scolds, and sometimes even swears.

Edith. And what do you do?

Ellen. Never mind him. Let him go on until he has done. And then I pull his whiskers, or poke him, or pinch his ear—in short, treat *him* like a dog—as you would like to be treated yourself. You do the same. Then that will be doing as you would be done by—won't it?

Edith (a little puzzled). Well, I suppose it will. But here comes his boat, I think, and I shall be *so* glad to see him, of course; but he has got that dog with him, which I wish he had left behind him, or it had got drowned—the nasty, odious, horrid, ugly thing!

"We cannot Sing the Old Songs!"

IT is said there is a project afoot for draining the Zuyder Zee. If all Dutchmen had been water-drinkers, this matter would have been accomplished years ago. Though the reclamation of so large a tract of land will be an excellent thing for Holland, it will quite falsify the sentiment of one of our finest old glees. The Mynheer Van Dunck of the future will have to sing:—

"But a Dutchman's throat will always be
As dry as the well-drained Zuyder Zee!"

For when the Zuyder Zee ceases to roll, and is no longer deep, it cannot possibly represent the magnitude of Mynheer's potations.

THE HABITUAL DRUNKARDS ACT.—That of habitually taking a drop too much.

OUR SUMMER, 1885.

Street Sweeper Boy (from his point of view). "ANOTHER O' THESE BEASTLY FINE DAYS!"

WITH LOCAL COLOUR.

IT is satisfactory to learn that the vivid description of the recent Imperial meeting at Kremsier supplied by the indefatigable gentleman who represented the *Times* on the occasion will not be lost, several of the now historic pictures furnished by his facile pen being about to be transferred to canvas at the expressed wish of the august principals themselves. Commissions have already been given to several local artists for the execution of the following subjects, and it is intended when the works are completed to present them to the Museums of neighbouring frontier towns, where it is expected their presence will help to strengthen and cement the friendly feeling of which the facts they are destined permanently to chronicle have just given such a striking and evident guarantee:—

1. The CZAR, on his arrival at the frontier town of Moravia, after trying on his last year's Austrian uniforms, and finding them all too tight, sends hurriedly for a local tailor, and is measured for some new suits on the platform, amid respectful salutations.

2. The suites in attendance on the Russian and Austrian Imperial parties playing "poker," and using the French language and "advantage" suffs, in several saloon carriages *en route*.

3. M. DE GIERS and Count KALNOKY breaking their heads in a four-hours' consultation over a despatch in cipher from Prince BISMARCK.

4. Secret meeting between the CZAR and Count KALNOKY, in which the former requests that still further influence may be brought to bear on the German Chancellor to get him to telegraph to Kremsier his receipt for "thinning himself down" as soon as possible.

5. The CZAR, after dinner, looking "as if he had been made very happy by something that had occurred since the foregoing meeting," and ordering his portrait, set in brilliants, to be sent forthwith to Count TAAFFE, the Director of the Traffic Department, and Cardinal FÜRSTENBERG.

6. The CZAREWITCH and the Crown Prince of AUSTRIA crossing the market-place of Kremsier, so closely followed by the *Times* correspondent that they are overheard by him distinctly talking of the state of the weather in indifferent French.

7. Departure of the Russian Imperial Guests, and farewell at the Railway Station, showing the CZAR and the EMPEROR in the act of embracing, and promising, in idiomatic French, to take an early opportunity of seeing each other again, as the former is about to retire to his private desk upon which lie a few back numbers of *Lloyd's Weekly News*, a *Bradshaw* for June, and the Polish *Punch*.

8. The Emperor of AUSTRIA, after the departure of the Imperial train, left standing with his tongue in his cheek, and expressing with a significant twinkle in his eye, to the Governor of Moravia his satisfaction that the affair "has gone off so very satisfactorily to all the parties concerned."

"THE TERRIBLE CHILD."

SCENE—*A Railway Carriage.*

PERSONAGES—*The Mother; the Child.*

The Child. What 's making this noise?
The Mother. The carriages, dear.
Child. Why?
Mother. Because they 're moving.
Child. How?
Mother. It 's the engine drawing them.
Child. What engine?
Mother. The one in front of the train.
Child. Why 's it in front of the train?
Mother. To draw the train.
Child. What train?
Mother. The one we 're in.
Child. Why does the engine draw the train?
Mother. Because the driver makes it.
Child. What driver?
Mother. The one on the locomotive.
Child. What locomotive?
Mother. The one in front of the train! I 've just *told* you.
Child. Told me what?
Mother. Hold your tongue! You worry me!
Child. Why do I worry you?
Mother. Because you ask too many questions!
Child. What questions?
Mother. Oh, good Heavens!! No wonder so many men won't marry!

AN ELEGANT APPEARANCE.—The Gloucestershire Cricket Champion, Mr. W. G. GRACE, in batting for his County at Clifton in the match with Middlesex, is reported to have shown "rare form." Just so. But of course his form is always a Form of Grace.

RIVER PUZZLE.

HOW TO GET INTO MOLESEY LOCK?

THE LAST GROWLER.

(After Thomas Campbell,—also after the Official Report that there are one hundred and fifty-seven fewer Four-wheeled Cabs in London now than last year.)

FOUR million souls without a Fly!
Shall we *then* realise
Our lack of common comforts, born
From lack of enterprise?
I saw a vision in my sleep
That caused me from my bed to leap,
And skip around the room;
I saw the Final Growler go
Unhonoured, hideous, mean, and slow,
To its appointed doom!

The gas-lamps had a sickly glare,
And not a heart did bleed
As passed that bony hulk along,
Drawn by its bony steed;
The Hansom-Cabmen winked and leered,
The very Crossing-Sweeper jeered,
The street-boys raised a yell;
And bliss o'er troubled spirits slid
To see that Four-wheeled Monster bid
To Fares a long farewell!

Yet, martyr-like, the Driver sat;
He knew the end was near
Of over-charge, and under-pay,
And did not shed a tear;
Saying,—"Too long I have delayed;
My Cab is old, my Horse decayed,
'Tis Mercy bids me bolt;
For fifty years of mortal breath
We 've jolted Passengers to death,
And shall no longer jolt.

"What though upon my seats have writhed
The Great, perhaps the Good,
Condemned in this proud Capital
To use my box of wood?
Yet now repentance, all too late,
Makes me confess that ne'er did Fate
A vehicle provide,
More maddening in each palsied shake,
Or where long-suffering Fares might take
A more atrocious ride!

"'Tis done! Oblivion's curtain falls
Upon the myriad men
Who 've blown me up, and knocked me down,
And 'had me up' again.
Those frowsy cushions bring not back
Nor stretch four souls upon the rack
By Nature made for twain!
Oh, let this cramped roof-tree go,
Also thy dirty straw below,
Thou Vehicle of Pain!

"Even I am weary now of playing
My customary pranks;
Rank idiocy it was to place
Such Cabs upon the ranks!
How came it, else, that London's sons
To stable-owning Goths and Huns
For aid in vain did cry,
While every Gent, and every Cad,
In Aberdeen and Glasgow had
His reputable Fly?

"Go, Kings of Cabland, and reflect
On London's awful waste
By not a single Four-wheeled Cab
From Kew to Greenwich graced!
Go, tell the world how you beheld
A Jehu, bowed with shame and eld,
Guiding his Growler mean,—
The general universe defy,
To match for sheer obliquity,
That ramshackle machine!"

WHO 'D HAVE THOUGHT IT?

A DAILY paper gives an account of a man who furnished some information with regard to the MAHDI and his successor. In the course of his story this person said:—

"Now, there are three men who have sworn to resist to the death the dervishes taking South Dongola; and these three are Sala Walad Fadlala Salem Bey, the Kababeesh Sheikh, Khasem-el-Noos, and Tombal."

What may be the real names of the two last of these special correspondents we are unable to say. But we are astonished to find our own GEORGE AUGUSTUS disguised as the Kababeesh Sheikh and squabbling with dervishes, when we thought all this time he was peacefully lecturing in Australia and writing graphic letters for the *Daily Telegraph*.

"CHACUN À SON GOUT."

SPEAKING of the Holborn Theatre, the *Daily News* says:—

"Romatic drama is, we understand, to be the staple product of the new management."

What is "romatic drama?" Not "rheumatic drama" it is to be hoped. There may be a dearth of good dramatists, but we hardly expect to see the drama on crutches just yet.

FITZDOTTEREL; OR, T'OTHER AND WHICH.

(By the Earl of L-tt-n.)

"Supposing I was you,
Supposing you was me,
And supposing we both was somebody else,
I wonder who we should be?"

CANTO II.—MIXED.

THE more this metre one essays, the more
One likes it. It flows on with such facility;
The burthen of encyclopædic lore
It bears so lightly; fancy's fine fragility
Floats on its flood unfractured. What would bore
In simple prose, mere vapid versatility
Shambling prolixity, and shallow smartness,
Ideal humbug *plus* sham-cynic smartness;

Bald commonplace, bad grammar, cockney rhymes,
Awkward inversions, all go smoothly down;
Letters, advertisements, accounts of crimes,
Set in its fluent stanzas, take the Town.
Why, I could put a copy of the *Times*
Into this metre! Gentle Muse, not frown!
Frown *should* come first, but there 's the charm of rhyme.
Construction does not matter,—not a dime!

Back to my babies! Young FITZDOTTEREL
And HERMANN PUMPERNICKEL both grew up
The former was of course "a regular swell;"
But big, flat-faced, wide-knee'd as a bull pup
The stripling shaped; his voice was like a bell
A little cracked; to see him dine or sup
Might make Valhalla envious; he was waxen
Of epidermal hue; his hair was flaxen.

Young HERMANN on the contrary—'twas odd
And bothered EDELWEISS—was a girl's hero;
He had the willowy grace of a Greek God,
Hyacinth curls like OSCAR WILDE or NERO.
EDELWEISS watching him would gravely nod
And murmur to himself, "*dum spiro, spero*,
But I should love him with yet more avidity
Did he confirm my theories of heredity."

O Youth! O Childhood!—Joys of vagrant hue,
That nevermore return when once ye hook it!
Fleeting as facial beauty in a Jew,
Or a smelt's charm that fades ere one may cook it!
This with my tale has nothing much to do,
But when you catch a bit of bathos book it.
As sentiment profound and pure it passes,
Eked out by several "Oh's!" and some "Alases!"

What *should* we do without our interjections
We modish metremongers? They are like
Wings to the waddling tortoise. (*Several sections*
Are here omitted. Phrases that don't *strike,*
Fade tropes, and philosophical reflections
Tedious as TUPPER, *tame as a Dutch dyke,*
Are apt to move a man to yawns—or curses—
When they extend through several hundred verses.)

"O England! O my country!" (Here 's a chance
To add to the attractions of my story
By flouts at Russia and a fling at France,
Proving once more that Providence is Tory;
Surveying all St. Stephen's at a glance,
And showing that its every grace and glory
Spring from Lord SARUM, who believes—I know it—
There 's no such Viceroy as your minor poet!

O England! O my country! Sinks thy star
In the Midlothian morass for ever?
CASSANDRA wailed thy doom at Candahar.
A poet-governor as bold as clever
Thrown over from a feeble fear of War!
Will the Eumenides forgive it? Never!
At least if it *is* possible to square 'em,
There 's only one can do it—that 's Lord SARUM.

Look at him in the House! FITZDOTTEREL did,
And vowed, compared with him, Jove was not in it.
Tall as a tower, broad as a pyramid,
He 'd close Pandora's casket in a minute
By simply sitting plump upon the lid
Like—like—(trope *is* a tease when you begin it)—
Like a fat man on a tight-packed portmanteau.
With praise of SARUM I could cram a Canto!

He seems a cross 'twixt TIMON and a Titan,
Scorning the petty world he proudly dominates;
A blend of a Colossus with a CRICHTON,
Cramped by the paltry herd his soul abominates,
And who hate him as minnows hate a Triton,
(Save those whom to high posts and perks he nominates)
A Gulliver by Lilliputians baffled,
A Pegasus by blind Bœotians snaffled!

Why here and thus lay adulation on
So thick and soft and slab, as with a trowel?
No Yankee lines my style is based upon,
The elegant restraint of JAMES or LOWELL
I do not ape. SARUM 's a paragon,
Frankly, flamboyantly I make avowal!
And lay my homage at his haughty feet.
I hope his pride may find the offering sweet.

As for his first of foes, GRANDOLDUN, he
The cackling conjuror, the financial wizard?
No more with SARUM he compared can be
Than Nile's huge Saurian with a six-inch lizard.
(RIPON he lauds, and dares disparage *me*,
A fact which sticks in my poetic gizzard.)
The sanguinary, subtle, harum-scarum,
Babbling old sophist get the pull of SARUM?

Forbid it, Heaven, and the Ballot Box!
Young PUMPERNICKEL, introspective German,
Much marvelled how our new Bœotian ox,
JOHN BULL, could stand *his* driving. Master HERMANN
Found Life a huge o'ermastering paradox.
He felt as one might fancy a strayed Merman
At Margate on Whit Monday; full of grace,
But conscious of his tail, and out of place.

Queerly enough FITZDOTTEREL felt the same
Strange lack of sympathy with his "environment,"
As Darwinites describe it. All Life's game
Was open to him; each Society Siren meant
Her smile a breeze to fan him to a flame;
But yet he found what SCHOPENHAUER and BYRON meant
By railing so at Life. Its Light, its Love
Bothered the boy, like an ill-fitting glove.

"Oh, hang it, PUMPERNICKEL, my dear boy!"
Cried he, one day. "Things seem all topsy-turvy!
I like the very things *you* can't enjoy,
Your pleasures bore *me*. Fate is vastly scurvy.
Can't we chop lots?"—Like the Jap's turtle-toy
The Teuton quivered; though he 'd wondrous nerve, he
Was flabbergasted. Then he answered, "Pooh!
You dear old duffer, that would *never* do!"

"Bosh!" cried FITZDOTTEREL. "Anyhow, let 's try,
For, say, a year or two. 'Twill be great fun.
Just fancy! I am you, and you are I.
Oh *what* a mix there 'll be ere we have done!
Come! no refusal! You can now fly high,—
In Spring, the Park; in Autumn, Rod and Gun:
And I am poor, you know, and you are rich.
How *will* Society tell t'other from which?"

And so they settled it. Do you ask, "Wherefore"?
Why, what has Poesy to do with reason,
More than those Penny Dreadfuls housemaids care for?
This swopping of identities for a season
Is an old dodge with *them*, to set a snare for
A venal love, or trap a knave in treason.
That must be a good "trick," whose charm eternal
Lures LAURENCE OLIPHANT *and* the *London Journal*.

They swore their interchange on the cross-bones,
Over a red-hot poker, like a blend
Of Clown and Pirate; in sepulchral tones,
Such as quidnuncs, low-whispering, say attend
The mystic moment when a Mr. JONES
Is "made a Mason." HERMANN and his friend
Were one another!!! This seems nonsense, some of it!
Ah, Reader, wait, and just see what will come of it!

"Give it to the Bard!"

NEXT to Mr. J. C. PARKINSON'S address at the Eisteddfod at Aberdare, the principal interest was taken in the prize poem—£20 prize with a chair, value £10. The successful bard was Mr. WATKIN WILLIAMS, the subject of the poem was "The Truth against the World." It is not true that Mr. HENRY LABOUCHERE and Mr. EDMUND YATES were among the seven unsuccessful competitors.

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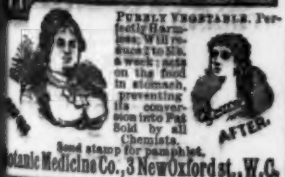
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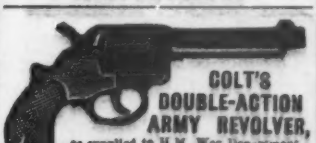
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